

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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A CONTINUATION of a history of early American journalism, illustrated by curious cuts, and an interesting war story connected with Lincoln, are features in the February number of the excellent *Magazine of American History*.

BEECHER's recently repeated views upon Sunday and its freedom show that he is heartily in favor of broad interpretations, and while recognizing the importance of the day as one of rest, is not averse to allowing men entire liberty of choice as to what constitutes recreation.

THE *Christian Metaphysician* is the title of the latest organ of what seems to us a strange mixture of mushy metaphysics and real mental experience. It is published in Chicago, issued monthly, and may be secured for fifty cents a year by addressing the editor, George B. Charles, room 37, Central Music Hall.

JUDGE TOURGEE tells of an old lady in the South, in the days of slavery piously bequeathing her trusted servants, John and Jane, to her church. The church sold the same, and with the proceeds sent a missionary to China. This in the United States, and within the memory of those living. There are still pious paradoxes of this kind left that would be humorous were they not so sad.

THE *Chicago Times* in a recent editorial, entitled "Where the Money Goes," protests against the lavish appropriation of money by the legislature for special monuments, various societies, and local institutions of learning. It says: "If the State Horticultural Society, which is chiefly composed of nurserymen, who hold meetings and publish reports largely for the purpose of advertising their wares, is to receive an appropriation, there is no good reason for

denying one to the Browning Society." The caution is a timely one, but the alternative suggested above is not so absurd as it seems. The welfare of the state is advanced by garden improvements. The perfection of roses is a matter of public interest; but so also is the advancement of mind gardening: the perfection and the appreciation of the flowers of literature. With the growth of conscience and intelligence the abuse of these special appropriations of the state will decline, but the number and dignity of the same will be increased.

THE Iowa Unitarian Association have organized a branch which they call the "Lay Readers' Society of Iowa." It is in charge of a council of which Miss E. E. Gordon, of Sioux City, is secretary. This council has put forth its first circular, setting forth very distinctly its objects and proposed methods. It is a most interesting suggestion in the direction of what will some day be realized. We have not space to consider it at length, but from time to time we hope to let this circular speak for itself in our columns in its appeal to the laity. There is this prophetic word pleading for help from the masses:

It is too easily forgotten that all distinctive moral and religious training in this country has been relegated to the church—the state undertakes none of it. Are the churches discharging this duty as they might and should? Decidedly they are not. It is time that our people aroused themselves to a working conviction that morality and religion can be taught, and that it ought to be taught in such a way that both parents and children will regard it as worthy of even greater care and sacrifice than mere intellectual training. This regard for moral training should be aroused not merely through the influence of improved Sunday-schools, but also through the influence of week-day meetings, where old and young alike can be touched and elevated by lectures, readings, conversations, entertainments, etc. Much has already been done by these means for the elevation of the people, but it has been done fitfully and unsystematically. But why can there not be an ordered and general effort on the part of our laity to bring their knowledge and their presence to bear for the refinement and elevation of those less happily bred or circumstanced than themselves? Most Christian churches are essentially unchristian in at least one particular: they do not go to the needy; they bid the needy come to them. This was not Christ's way, nor the way of any great reformer. He and they went to the people. If the time and wealth which are now expended in building and sustaining costly churches were expended in carrying a higher gospel to those who shun the churches, and carrying it, too, in a way that would compel attention and respect, the influence of the church might enter on a new era. Until this missionary zeal is aroused in our laity the churches will justly remain under the charge of being too largely select and elegant clubs. Nor will it suffice that this zeal should exhibit itself in an increased support of ministers. What is needed is that it should make ministers of the laity. A truly missionary denomination, or religion, is not one in which the proclaiming of glad tidings is left to the ministry, but one in which the whole body of the people are infected with a desire to convert all with whom they come in contact.

OUR limitations of time and space do not permit us often to speak the eulogistic words over departed friends and fellow-workers that we have in our hearts. We are reconciled to these severe limitations in the thought that we most honor the dead by serving the living; but there are times when the sense of loss and our reverence for the translated compel speech. We are thinking just now of four parishes in our western household of faith, that during the first hours of pain and anguish felt themselves reel when strong pillars broke. Though belated, we wish to write the following names; Judge A. P. Pritchard, of All

Souls Church, Janesville, Wis., the tireless servant of our cause, the man who never faltered or failed, the upright judge, who literally gave his life to the guardianship of widows and orphans. Every position, from the pulpit to the teacher of little children, organist, janitor, anything, everything, that Judge Pritchard could do, he did do, throughout the entire history of the church he so much loved. Frederick Jackson, of Unity Church, St. Paul, a man of like stamp, and equal faithfulness,—the careful officer, the patient worker, and true exemplar of the church he helped support. Dr. Thorndyke, of the Unitarian parish of Milwaukee, the good physician whose sudden death brought the Sunday-school children weeping around his bier, and caused a great city to stop a moment and realize that under the garb of the modest physician there had gone in and out among them a saintly soul of childlike simplicity, of Christlike tenderness and strength. An aged friend writes of his funeral: "Blessings and praises seemed to fill the air, and if one is consoled by these,—and are they not?—one had great reason to be consoled. At the funeral children cried, mothers sobbed, and strong men's eyes were filled with tears as they saw this noble gentleman in his coffin." And, lastly, Mrs. Elvira Carver Harding, the gentle mother in our Unity church at Monmouth, Ill., over whose coffin it was the privilege of the present writer last week to voice her cheerful faith, and to acknowledge her gentle service. She was an old settler whose motherhood extended beyond the limits of a large family to the whole community, whom she loved and served so well.

Each of these leave a message which says:

"Sweet friends, the words of love you wish
You'd said to me while I could hear,
Take heed, in days to come, you speak
To living ones who still are near."

MORAL TRAINING.

Prof. Seeley has been giving us some statistics recently—far more alarming than those of illiteracy. He shows that the ratios of insanity and idiocy in this country have been steadily increasing, as have also those of the deaf mute, and the blind. In 1850 we had one insane to every fourteen hundred and sixty-eight persons; in 1880 one to every six hundred and fifty six, and the other figures are about in the same proportion. Allowing for a great difference in the skill and thoroughness of the census takers, there still remains enough to prove that the moral nature has not kept pace with the material advancement of our country. The heart has not kept balanced with the head. The will has not been developed sufficient to stand the added strain placed upon it.

Yesterday the call in education was for a scientific training,—a study of things rather than of words. To-day it is for manual training,—disciplined nerves and skilled muscle to serve an intelligent brain. To-morrow it will be for ethical training,—a systematic enforcement of the law of Right, a study of the science of Duty. We are about to recognize in our educational systems that neither truth nor beauty can be successfully discovered by the bad. That child alone is prepared to live whose life is grounded in integrity; who aims at that which is excellent rather than that which is easy; to whom justice means more than success, and who rates character above popularity. But morality in its highest development is possible only under the sanctions and inspirations of religion. Practical ethics must be rooted in ideal ethics. The adjustment of the parts is possible only when the soul is haunted with a sense of the harmonious whole. The child claims at our hands not only religious training but something infinitely more important—religious influences. To borrow a phrase from Miss Cobbe, "The child has a right to be presented to the objects it is made to love and reverence."

As things now are, our homes do not, and the public schools must not, undertake adequately to develop these religious powers of the child. One does not, the other must

not give the child some working thoughts upon the ever pressing problems of soul represented by the words God, Soul, Death, Immortality, Heaven, Hell, Prayer. Still more true is it that neither the home nor the school bring the child under the influences of these forces, although they represent realities more profound than intellectual conceptions can be. Thus it is that the child is landed at the church door. The plainest and simplest common sense, the severest utilitarian logic, brings the child to the public altar of religion and humbly asks the co-operation of some fraternity of souls, some church, to help nurture it into a tender and devout manhood and womanhood. This should be the prime mission of the church.

Francis Gaulton says that deaf mutes who are first taught to communicate freely with others, after they have passed the period of boyhood, say that the meaning of the church service which they have attended accompanied with their parents, knelt in prayer and studied the whole spectacular side of worship, has been utterly unintelligible to them; the ritual has touched no inherited chord in their nature, that it might move however dumbly the religious nature.

Is not this an awful warning to the indifferent parent, who in the name of liberality allows his children to grow up untouched by any religious views, either at home or at church, into an apathy of soul, an absence of reverence like unto that of the deaf mute our scientist speaks of. Archbishop Hughes, of the Catholic Church, spoke like a scientist when he said: "Give me the children until they are twelve years old, and I care not what you do with them after that."

May I not state the truth from the other side. The child that is allowed to grow up in an indifferent, un-devout, non-worshipful atmosphere until he is fifteen, will be maimed religiously for life. He will have been deprived permanently of some of the most blessed memories, abiding safe-guards, and tender influences, that life possesses.

IT WAS SIMPLE DUTY.

We heartily endorse an earnest protest made by our brother minister, George A. Thayer, of Cincinnati, against this push for an indiscriminate pension to soldiers, in the columns of the *Commercial Gazette*. We have not room for much of his clear arguments, but as one of the comrades, who a quarter of a century ago tried to do his simple duty in a warfare less onerous and more remunerative in a material way than much campaigning since has been, we thank Captain Thayer for his word, and from the ranks, beg leave to second his words, found in the following extract:

"It is high time that that portion of survivors of the Union army of the secession war who retain any degree of reason and self-respect should begin to make stout protest against the abuse of their names in support of the monstrous pension schemes which are being pushed through Congress. For several years a persistent lobby at Washington, composed, it is to be hoped, of but a small fraction of men who wore the blue uniform, has done its utmost to make it appear that one or two millions of discharged soldiers consider themselves as a standing army for the rest of their lives, whom the nation is morally bound to support. * * * * *

"The pretense that the people who are urging such laws are acting in the interest and with the approval of the men of the Union army, is an insult and humiliation to the great body of Union volunteers. Had the Northern soldier no *personal* interest or pride in the salvation of the Union, but consented to save it for the sake of the stay-at-homes, under consideration of so much pay and bounty, under this theory they were not patriots, but hirelings—lineal descendants of the revolutionary Hessians, who went to put down rebellion wherever they saw the hope of getting substantial reward?

"In behalf of a host of Union soldiers I can say that they repudiate this association with the tribe of bounty-jumpers. They scorn to make merchandise of that most

sacred sentiment of the American heart, veneration for the valor which offered its life for the preservation of the nation. They consider themselves sufficiently honored in having shared a privilege of distinguished public service which seldom comes to the common citizen. If war brought to them great perils it also brought them corresponding distinction; and when a man defends his own fireside he doesn't generally take up a collection among his neighbors for having rid the community of a burglar.

"There is no claim in equity or humanity for these indiscriminate pensions. A republic is bound to be liberal to its sons above all other nations. But it cannot undertake to shelter from the accidents of life every person who has done exceptional service in the line of a citizen's duties. No conceivable legislation can reach all cases of misery indirectly caused by the war. There were editors and newspaper correspondents whose services were inestimable to the nation whose relatives are now in want; there were faithful legislators; women and children who came to grief through financial panics; others who died of broken hearts through mourning for army friends: a great company whose families were truly the victims of the war. For such Congress has no business to attempt to provide. Some duties must be left to common religion and humanity.

"It is plain to many of us that the plea of pity for the soldiers is being used as a cloak for the people who get their living as pension-claim attorneys, and for a still more powerful class whose moneyed interests are being served by existing tariff and revenue laws, and who would squander the public funds in any other available way if the soldier could not be made a cat's-paw. It is a pity that some honest soldiers have such a dull instinct of patriotism as to become the allies of such raiders upon the national treasury.

"And it is still more melancholy that intelligent Americans should give active support to that pestilential type of socialism, imported here by sundry European impracticables, which maintains that government is a nursery for all whom unthrift, intemperance and carelessness have brought to low estate, and that suffering, no matter how caused, has lawful demands upon all tax-payers. To use the soldier as a stalking-horse for such notions hurts the soldier beyond estimation."

Contributed Articles.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

DEC. 15, 1886.

What do you see, dear hill-top pair,
Side by side in the quiet there,
Looking down through the golden air
On the days of long ago?

The sounds of the valley's push and throng,
The din of its labor and cries of its wrong,—
Do they rise and blend to an evening song,
As you stand and listen so?

Is the valley filling with shadows dim,
While the hills grow bright on the eastern rim,
The hills where you played with the child's free limb
In the days of long ago?

Does each of you see as the beautiful place
Of that wide east, a mother's face?
Do you see the father saying grace,
And the child-heads in a row?

What did "going to meeting" mean,
As you think of it now, you two between?
Was anything sweeter ever seen
In the days of long ago?

Tell us your secrets, our two-in-one!
How fifty years of the rising sun
Bring love the closer for each year run,—

Will you whisper, you who know?

Tell us the secret of home-spun ways,
Of spinning-wheel hours in city days,
Clean and calm as a Quaker phrase
Of the simple long ago.

And say, O lover by love long taught,
Why, under the grey the years have wrought,
She stands as a maiden in our thought,
A rose that is yet to blow.

Beautiful secrets that none can tell
Till sunset's chant and the rose's spell!
As they do for twos! as two knew well
In the days of long ago.

And what do you see on the farther side,
Where the great horizons open wide,
And you hear the step of the coming Guide
The way of the hills to show?

Out of the quiet that holds you there
It seems to float through the golden air,
Like the brooding music after prayer
Or a song of long ago:

"Little we see; but hand in hand
Fearless we turn to the still new land,
Fearless to go as here to stand,
For this in our hearts we know,—

"That the Strength of the Hills—those old hills dear,
The Beauty of Secrets—our secrets here,
Shall be Beauty and Strength forever, and near
As in days of long ago!"

W. C. G.

A NATIONAL UNITY CLUB BUREAU.

It is a well known and creditable fact to the founders that "Unity Clubs" had their inception, birth, and success in the west, before getting a foothold in any eastern church. The soil seems to be fitted for them there. Our western brethren (and sisters, too) are such workers and do things so thoroughly, that their reasonable and excellent undertakings, and all seem to be of that kind, must have success.

At a meeting of the Monday Club, recently held, the subject of "Unity Clubs" was the topic for discussion, and for the most part there was expressed a feeling of hearty approval, and belief that they ought to have a regular place in our church work and organization, and that rightly conducted they would become a strong arm of societies incorporating and properly sustaining them. In the east, these clubs have not become so general, nor have they taken that literary turn, or become so vigorous, or so firmly established, as in the west; and this, perhaps, is the reason why we have started in a movement to get some kind of a central organization of the clubs, for the whole denomination. The east and the west uniting might help each other in popularizing and elevating the standard, and improving the methods, and increasing the value of this new and noble auxiliary to the Unitarian churches.

At our Monday Club, as the circular I send explains, a committee was appointed to prepare and send a brief call to the societies and clubs, by whatever name, soliciting answers that a way might be opened for some united action in the matter, which could have a public meeting next anniversary of the denomination. Will the editor of UNITY be so kind as to print the circular, and add such comments as may seem, in his wise judgment, to be needed and best? Answers or other communications on the subject can be sent to the chairman of the committee, and I trust as speedily and as approvingly as possible.

(The substance of this circular was published on page 330 of last week's UNITY.—Ed.)

There is no desire to inaugurate another Chautauquan uniform plan of study, and quasi university curriculum. Unitarians cannot be run into molds. Individuality is too

strong in thinking minds not to insist on room and freedom of action. And yet a bureau, such as is contemplated, might greatly help in quickening all the clubs in the uniformity of some definite plan, and of a general desire to improve existing clubs, and to start new ones. Different plans and methods might be prepared for different churches, east and west, in city and country; and hints and helps would multiply through this general organization of clubs which would be valuable whatever the plans adopted or the methods pursued. The West has done a great deal of this work; so also have a few clubs east.

If state conferences would have Unity Club secretaries, and local conferences were to be interested in giving, or hearing reports, and having an hour devoted to the discussion of the subject, it would aid greatly in forwarding the movement; and if the *Register* and *UNITY*, and all our periodicals, were to open their columns to discussions, and reports, and other valuable matter, on these clubs, it would help in putting them in as honorable and as prosperous position as is the Sunday-school society. But I will not enlarge on the subject. I feel sure that the responses to the circular enclosed will at least furnish evidence, one way or the other, of interest in the matter, and if the result shall be a general meeting of club delegates next spring to discuss the whole matter, this will be no little item in the solving of an interesting and by no means a clear problem.

A. JUDSON RICH.

FALL RIVER, Mass., Feb. 12, 1887.

TWO OUTLOOKS.

He sees the thorn below the rose,
Life's storm and stress, not its repose,
The hard thought underneath the deed,
Not man's quick impulse, but his greed.

He sees the lily's snow-white wings,
Not the dark ooze from where it springs,
The sparkle of life's coronet,
The joy above the jar and fret.

And shall the two hold clasping hands?
Ah! so the wondrous meaning stands,
As this, lost in the other view,
Shows each is false and both are true.

A. M. G.

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

Experience, and our knowledge of human nature, prove to us that the child is better for being brought to a realizing sense of its relation to the Divine Being—to an attitude of reverence toward the universe, to a conscious faith in the harmony and purpose (that is, lack of chance), in the laws of Being.

But how to do this, without materializing just where we would spiritualize, is the problem.

A little girl comes in from her play, saying, "Mamma, who made the little pebbles?" The mother conscientiously and quickly answers, "God, my child." For a short time this answer is very satisfactory.

But the little girl is evidently in a train of deep thought. Soon she comes again: "Mamma, who made the stars?" "God made the stars." "And the little birds?" "God—He made everything." "Well, did He make me and you?" "Yes." Then in a sudden inspiration—"Did He make my dolly?" "Oh! no. The man made your dolly, but God made the man."

So the little girl goes off to her play, and thinks in a vague sort of way—"God made everything, but—He didn't make everything—how is it?" Then she forgets all about it. How much better if the answer could have made a deep impression—not one of final, complete, unquestioning satisfaction, but such an impression as would keep the child in an open, questioning, and at the same time reverent, trusting attitude.

This mother, when she answered her child as she did, thought to give her a lesson in religion, but, instead of this, she bent the first faint spiritual wonderings of the soul from their course upward and onward to the infinite back to the material, earthly manifestation of being.

She did not realize that when a child says "make" it cannot do what a grown person can—leap from make to create. The child's idea of making is simply a production of some object, while to a grown person make may mean anything from the manufacture of shoes to the creating of a universe.

A child's means of expression are far behind its needs of expression. When it wants to know something it can often not find expression for the question; and it will begin to tell something and not be able to finish for lack of words.

When a child says "Who made it?" he often means much more; he means, maybe, something like this: "How is it all, I wonder? I wonder how everything came—the trees and the birds and the pretty pebbles—were they always here?" And, wondering he frames his wonder in the question "Who made?"

It is clear that his question does not cover his thought; it is clear, also, that simply giving a definite answer to a part of his thought will tend to draw his attention from the other part, which may have been fully as important. Hence an unqualified, short, positive answer to only a little part of the great question in his mind will tend to give him a narrow, crude, inadequate, and worst of all, materialistic conception of the reality.

It would have been better if that mother had framed her answer so that the little one would go away full of a sense of the greatness of the least thing, of the wonder in a blade of grass, or a leaf; and full of love and reverence for the power that sustains these beautiful things for each other—not for man alone, or the child (for this is a selfish thought), but for all.

How beautifully has Christ said: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth." And again: "The wind bloweth [or, still better, one translation has it, the spirit breatheth] where it listeth, and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

And here is the essential thing to be done—keep the child "born of the Spirit." If we only realized how humbly and reverently we should approach the spiritual nature of the child; could we but know that often when we think to lead the child above, we have only touched what we had better have left alone.

A certain teacher used to say, "The question is not what to teach, but what not to teach."

And so it is: There are more wonderful things in the world, all around us, in ourselves, and in others like us, than we know of. We should learn to handle the religious phase of the child's nature humbly; not with assurance and over-confidence in our own power to lead it aright, but rather with trust in its own vitality and self directing powers. We give a lily opportunities to grow, but it does its own growing.

A baby will pull up a seed that he has planted, every day, to see if it is growing—let us take care lest we do the same with what has not been planted by human hands.

But the question, "what are we to do?" is still unanswered. It is impossible, from the very nature of the thing to be done, to follow any definite rules. Religion oversteps all our limitations. We need never hope to define spirit.

As the material evidences of the Creator—Nature is the most tangible evidence—that most easily handled, it is common to appeal to the child's religious sense by pointing out to him the wonders of creation.

This is of course beneficial, but we must be careful in so doing to associate the material evidence with something beyond—the spiritual.

We may give the child a tendency to utilitarian religion; he may come to look upon the Creator as a very skillful

workman, who makes all these pretty and useful things for him. In our association with children we should guard against making the material evidence of the Divine Presence too prominent. It is better to lay stress upon God's spiritual manifestations—His love, sympathy, kindness, providence, sorrow for evil, joy in the good, than upon His material manifestations, except as these prove the existence of the former. The cultivation of the religious side of the child is a matter of sympathy with child-nature, close and continuous observation of its phases, and immediate, wise use of tides of feeling in the child, coupled with a deep reverence and love for Nature in the teacher.

The child's natural faith in God need never be disturbed, but it will be sometimes, unless he has hold of the really spiritual element in the universe. "O, yes," we say, "that is all very well, but children do not understand that part of it—they can only understand what they see." There is less truth in this than we think. We, having been jostled and pushed by the external world, are inclined to oppose our little force against surrounding forces—are not receptive. But children, because they are not yet familiar with the world, have an intuitive confidence in the unseen, a faith in what has not been perceived by the senses. Hence their love for the marvelous, fairy tales, and the like. Hence, also, the danger of leading them to a belief in supernatural things. We must guard against an unwise use of this faculty of the child. But the faculty is there, and, if we know how to deal with it, will find in the child, a responsive subject. We will find him appreciating certain truths intuitively, while we must study to see them. And what we must strive to do is, to put the child in such an attitude toward the universe that, come what may in after life, he will always have hold of that something which sustains faith in the unchanging, eternal naturalness of Universal Law—faith in the love of God.—*Bessie E. Hailman in the Kindergarten.*

'TIS WELL.

How the liquid notes
From the gilded throats
Of the sonorous organ rolled,
With the mellow rhyme
Of the funeral chime
Of the great bell as it tolled.

The voice of God
Spake in the notes;
The voice of God
Spake in the bell;
The voice of God
From perfumed throats,
Of the flowers said, "Tis well!"

EUGENE ASHTON.

25 LAFAYETTE SQUARE, Washington, D. C.

UPWARD-LOOKINGS FOR MORNING HOURS.

[Used in the religious services of the Unitarian Society, Geneva, Ill.]

III.

With reverent hearts we seek the Eternal Power which is our life and our strength—in which we live and move and have our being. What are we, the dependent creatures of the All-Developing Energy, if solely in our own strength we endeavor to go on! We know that of ourselves we are nothing. We know that without the morning light and the evening shade, without the breath of the air, and the moisture of the rain from heaven, and the wheat from the field, we would vanish away like smoke. In seeking God we seek our life. In seeking our life we seek God. While now we seek the Highest and Best, may our souls be filled with earnest hopes.

And not only with hopes, but with highest determinations also! For we know that without our own earnest labor, we still are nothing! It is by accepting the helpful forces about us, and using them aright, that we are built up.

Suns may shine, and darkness may bring sleep to us; rain may fall, and fields may offer place for seed; but un-

less we rise up early, and go forth to labor till the evening, no harvest is ours. Unless we strive against and put all evil away from us, good comes not. Unless we tread out from the paths of our hearts the weeds of selfishness and sin, our nobler, truer life is choked, and lies withered.

May we have strength in our weakness! May we have courage in our doubt; faith and hope in all. May we fight a valiant battle throughout life, and come off conqueror. May we strive to be true to ourselves and helpful to others—honest and severe with ourselves, and patient and sympathetic with others. So shall we see a truer life coming to pass on earth, and we shall be led on into the future hopefully. AMEN.

How MANY men there are who seem to have mistaken their calling in life! Well is it for those who, through their own discriminating study of natural capacities and the wise co-operation of friends, learn early in youth what is to be their life's high aim and delight, and who are enabled thus to "work out their salvation" gradually and gloriously! Sad is it, on the contrary, for those who, towards the coming of the last fatal darkness,—feeling the woe of a life misunderstood and all but lost,—are forced, in the bitterness of their disappointment and regret, to cry out, Why did I not know? Why did not somebody tell me and lead me on, lead me in a plain path?

"Surely there was a time I might have trod
The sunlit heights, and, from life's dissonance,
Struck one clear chord to reach the ears of God!"

Sad, too, is it for those who, realizing as years go on that they are not in their right place, look out and out, as o'er the waters of a shining sea, forever, towards where their might have sailed, but where they cannot now take the way, because their launching was not made for that channel or that high sea! Let the young about us be taught to dip criminate early, and let those of us who are older help them.

J. H. W.

The Study Table.

The Philosophy of Education. By Johann Karl Friedrich Rosenkranz. Translated from the German by Anna C. Brackett. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1, 3 & 5 Bond St.

This is volume No. 1 of the International Education series now issuing under the competent editorship of William T. Harris. In a useful preface Mr. Harris assures us of the care bestowed on the translation. He says: "Where it has been thought necessary, phrases, or even entire sentences, have been used to convey the sense of a single word of the original." The book throughout its 286 pages is supplied with an ample running commentary, often amounting to a paraphrase, by the editor. This is a valuable feature; for the commentary generally reiterates the gist of the author's meaning, and the book is speculative and difficult in treatment, requiring thoughtful and slow reading sometimes. The commentary sometimes adds much information and illustration to the text, as in the note on Chinese education, page 198. There is no index, but this is rendered unnecessary by the analysis of the contents given by the editor in the beginning, filling sixteen pages; and this is preceded by a scheme of the book condensed in a double column on one page. All this is very thoroughly done. The volume is in three parts: Part 1, Education in its general idea as to (1) its nature; (2) its form; (3) its limits; Part 2, Education in its special elements, namely, (1) Physical, (2) Intellectual, (3) Will training, including social usages, moral training and religious education; Part 3, Education in its particular systems. This portion of the work is historical, glancing at different kinds of education as illustrated in many different countries and ages. It fills 90 pages. In the preface the editor invites readers "to ponder what is said about attention (p. 73), how the lower facul-

ties grow into higher faculties, and how the higher faculties re-enforce the lower (pp. 75, 76.), the function of the imagination in forming general types and in leading to abstract ideas (pp. 84-87). The methods of treating the three grades of capacity—the blockhead, the mediocre talent, and the genius—are especially suggestive to the teacher (p. 109). On page 35 the editor thus succinctly sums up a paragraph of the author on habit: "Education deals altogether with the formation of habits. For it aims to make some condition or form of activity into a second nature for the pupil. But this involves, also, the breaking up of previous habits. This power to break up habits, as well as to form them, is necessary to the freedom of the individual,"—a remark worthy of much thought. In a previous comment, page 32, there is this searching remark: "Therefore the first requirement in education is that the pupil shall acquire the habit of subordinating his likes and dislikes to the attainment of a rational object. It is necessary that he shall acquire this indifference to his own pleasure, even by employing his powers on that which does not appeal to his interest in the remotest degree. Habit is formal, i. e., it is an empty form that will fit any sort of activity or passivity. Habit can make anything a second nature." We heard Joseph Allen once say, to a like purpose, that to keep the mental tool in thorough order, one must always keep studying some dry subject. Practical remarks of much value are mingled with a speculative philosophy in the volume, as for example the excellent talk about industry on pages 118 and 119. We were glad to see the high place assigned purely imaginative literature as very wholesome for children's reading. We would commend to the Gradgrinds, of whom we have met enough to be convinced that very many exist, the remarks on pages 84 to 87. We take delight especially in the praise of the Arabian Nights, for it is a philosophic commendation of the supreme pleasure which we derived in our childhood from that glorious world of enchantment. The volume is clearly and well printed on good laid paper, and has a good and comely binding. J. V. B.

The Berwick Hymnal. By Rev. A. W. Oxford, M. A. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 26 Paternoster Square.

This is a beautiful collection of 500 hymns. Taking it altogether, for number of hymns, for completeness, for poetic qualities, for devotional simplicity, for wide and varied authorship and poetic feeling in selection, we know of no hymn-book the superior of this; nor, indeed, as we think, its equal. Mr. Oxford evidently has asked but one question in compiling his book, namely, "Is this hymn for beauty, for truth, for religiousness, and for helpfulness, worthy of a place?" This may be seen at a glance by looking over the long list of names in the preface, representing many kinds of thoughts and a wide range of fellowship, to whom Mr. Oxford acknowledges his indebtedness for hymns,—names that include for example: Felix Adler, Baring-Gould, Bonar, Phillips Brooks, Miss Cobbe, Holmes, Cardinal Newman, Plumptre, Samuel Longfellow, Samuel Johnson, Chadwick, Gannett, Hosmer, and many others, including many dignitaries of the English church. With a free, hospitable, broad mind to use such wide and varied sources, a beautiful collection was to be expected of Mr. Oxford, and he has given it to us. In truth we look with a pleasure on this collection, which we must understate, so as not to appear extravagant until others have looked for themselves. The general tone of the collection we think we shall give fairly by a stanza from the first and one from the last hymn:

HYMN 1.

"A holy stillness, breathing calm
On all the world around,
Uplifts my soul, O God, to thee,
Where rest is found."

HYMN 501.

"Lord, we need no earthly temple,
For, where we thy love have found,

All thy humblest creatures teach us
Where we are is holy ground:
Lord, we need no holier place
Than where we thy love can trace."

We hear that some of the church papers in England have given the book hostile reviews, and that there has been talk even of calling on the Bishop of London to suppress the collection. These are sad facts; but after all it will not be suppressed. You cannot suppress the atmosphere by making a vacuum inside of a bell-jar. J. V. B.

In the Clouds. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

This powerful novel, in many passages even more vivid in description and strong in character drawing than its elder, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains", now takes on the permanency of a binding for a "life after a life." The story attracted too wide attention during its magazine existence to need much comment here. The heroine, Alethea Sayles, with her "axe-like edge unturnable," deserves for uncompromising integrity and devotion to principle, to rank with George Eliot's Romola. Notwithstanding her utter lack of culture of every sort, her simple "'taint right," cut like a knife through the ethical abstrusities of minds far more cultivated than her own. Yet, like Romola, she failed. Why?—to help the one who was nearest her, and her own life begun "in the clouds" and high as the clouds above her sottish associates, ended in the mists of a shattered reason. A sad story, the same old story forever re-written in blighted human lives, that while weakness and sin remain upon the earth the innocent must suffer with the guilty in nature's perpetual vicarious atonement. E. H. W.

Bibliography of Education. By G. Stanley Hall and John M. Mansfield. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

Here is a book devoting 310 pages to the bibliography of education. The title is modest, but the authors seem to have had a high aim, and to have followed it with zeal. There is an index of subjects in the beginning, and an index of authors at the end, with figures giving the pages where the authors are quoted. This latter index fills 39 pages in double columns. The bibliographical portion gives the titles in full, adding sometimes references to reviews of the works, and often brief, condensed descriptions and judgments of their value. The bibliography records review articles as well as volumes. It goes without saying that the list of books and literature is not confined to the English language. The titles are arranged under subjects, numbering in all sixty, and including historical and statistical works, philosophical treatises, the study and observation of children, music, geography, and many of the sciences, gymnastics, discipline, school architecture, reformatories, education of the blind, etc. The preface is interesting and valuable in itself.

Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century. Literary Portraits by Dr. George Brandes. Translated from the original by Rasmus B. Anderson, assisted by Miss A. Aubertine Woodward. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The personal sketches contained in this volume are touching Paul Heyse, Hans Christian Andersen, John Stuart Mill, Ernest Renan, Esaias Tegnér, Gustave Flaubert, Frederik Paludan-Müller, Bjornstjerne Bjornson and Henrik Ibsen, writers to whom the title of the book certainly applies, but of whom, save in one or two instances, one is not apt to think on reading it; for this reason we think a much more appropriate, if less extended, title might have been chosen. The sketches are what one would expect, considering their author,—clear, concise, informing and entertaining. They are in large degree studies of the subjects and their chief works. Many passages might well be quoted to show how admirably Dr. Brandes treats such subjects, did space permit. The work of translation is well done. E. R. C.

The Nation in a Nutshell. A rapid outline of American History By George Makepeace Towle, Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago, S. A. Maxwell & Co.

A little book of 147 pages in 19 chapters, giving a rapid sweep of the history of this country as if one stood on a hill and swept his eyes rapidly around the whole horizon. How rapid the sweep is may be judged from the fact that the first chapter is entitled American Antiquities, and that the outline continues down to the end of the Civil War. That great struggle is outlined in 7 pages. The other chapters are entitled, The Era of Discovery, The Era of Colonization, Society in 1776, The Revolution, The Confederation and Constitution, Washington's Presidency, The Slavery Agitation, etc. Notwithstanding the brevity of the outline, the author gives short chapters on Material Progress, on Progress in Literature, in the Arts, in Science and Invention. The last chapter is entitled Political Changes. We would have been glad to have had a preface which should have stated distinctly the origin and purpose of this very brief outline, but none appears. As an illustration of the author's condensation we give the topics in the chapter called Society in 1776, American Society, Old and New Compared, Old-time Mansions, Washington's Levees, Old Furniture, The Tables of 1776, Traveling in the Olden Time, The Wealthier Classes, Old-time Attire, Wigs and Queues, Amusements, Dances, Imitations of the English, Wine, Profanity. The little book may serve as a condensed compendium to which to go when one wishes to place in its date and chief surroundings some principal fact.

The Monarch of Dreams. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

We have read this little book of 52 pages with the utmost attention. The name of Higginson would deserve that attention of itself; but the little book enforces it by its interest. It has been highly praised, as indeed it deserves to be, for the uncommon and interesting idea pervading it, and for the moral lessons of that idea, which are impressive. Nevertheless, we are obliged to think that as a work of art, the little book falls below the opportunity afforded by its fundamental conception and also below Mr. Higginson's acknowledged power. It has been said that a very striking fact about Beethoven's finest works is the commonplaceness of the ideas for them jotted down in his note books, and then the magnificent development by which he wrought his palaces from those common blocks. It is just the other way with this little work. The primary idea is very striking, but the development does not follow. An excellent and impressive moral saying is the following on page 50: "Let a man at any moment attempt his best, and his life will still be at least half made up of the accumulated results of past action."

Emerson's Anthems of Praise. Arranged with accompaniment for pianoforte or organ. By L. O. Emerson. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. Boards, pp. 208. \$1.00.

This book is a valuable one for any choir. It is edited by the veteran composer, Prof. L. O. Emerson, and of the seventy-four selections, forty-eight are of his own composition or arrangement. The selections are of various degrees of difficulty and cover a sufficiently wide range of subjects.

F. F. L.

The Humboldt Library, No. 87. "The Morphine Habit." By Professor B. Ball, M. D., of the Paris Faculty of Medicine. Translated from the French for the Humboldt Library.

The Humboldt Library is an excellent institution for lovers of thoughtful reading, as every one knows. It is published monthly at 15 cents a number, or \$1.50 a year, well printed on good paper, in double columns. This issue of 48 pages contains three very interesting lectures on the morphine habit, which, there is some reason to fear, is not on the decline. It is a terrible scourge, as any one who will read these lectures will see. Also an essay on the Border-

land of Insanity, very interesting. Another equally interesting on Cerebral Dualism, that is to say, facts that bear on independent action of the two hemispheres of the brain. Also, a study of Insanity in Twins. These are all written with great clearness and liveliness, and illustrated by very interesting cases.

The Dimple.

WHERE ARE BABY'S DIMPLES SWEETEST?

Where are Baby's dimples sweetest?

Is it this one in her chin

Where my kisses shall begin?

Is it this one in her cheek

Where her smiles play hide and seek?

Or this upon her little shoulder

That tempts the lips of each beholder?

Or these upon her dainty hand,

Are these the sweetest in the land?

When you know which rose is whitest,

Which sunbeam on the river brightest,

Which bird that cuts the air the fleetest

You'll know where dimples are the sweetest.

ANNA M. PRATT.

AUNT ABBY'S PRAYER MEETING.

After spending the warm summer day in climbing rickety stairs to look upon the sick, the hungry, the wicked, in those stifling garrets of which, alas, there are so many in this vast and splendid city of New York, it is a relief to pass an hour in Aunt Abby's prayer meeting. Aunt Abby is a character; she is a dear old colored woman as nearly a saint as any who live in this nineteenth century. She is very old, very poor, very feeble, and very ignorant, yet so happy that any one of us might be glad to change places with her. I said, "Aunt Abby, you must be very forlorn here all alone, cannot we do something to make you more comfortable?"

"Oh no, honey. I have everything I want. The Lord lives here and he gives me this beautiful home, and I am happy all the time, and when I goes in the street to sell my holders to pay my rent, I just goes along smiling and looking happy, and then he puts it in the hearts of the gentle-folks to buy my things. Praise the Lord!"

Now the meeting begins. Imagine a little room twelve feet square, close under the roof, clean as much scrubbing can make the bare boards, the taste for ornament inherent in her race shown by the arrangement of the mantel shelf, which is crowded with bits of china, gay paper cuttings, shells, lamps, and colored prints. The people come streaming in until there isn't a square inch of room. We put the children on the women's laps, on the bed, on the bureau, on the empty stove, on the floor, almost on the venerated mantel-piece itself. In short, wherever there isn't a cologne bottle there we locate a little darkey. Then all sing with a will, then the singing frightens the babies, and they cry, then the singing grows louder to drown the crying, then the babies cry louder to drown the singing. Then Sister Jackson prays earnestly and vehemently. Then Aunt Abby "gets happy," and in the ecstasy of her clasped hands and closed eyes nearly falls on the stove, until I really don't know but we shall all, missionaries, Aunt Abby, Sister Jackson, crying babies, broken cologne bottles and all, be translated to another sphere without further delay.

Of course all this is not refined, nor in good taste, but do not these enthusiastic, earnest souls penetrate nearer to the heart of things, than some much larger, grander congregations? Do not our hearts always go farther than our heads in our search after God?

MARY J. TABB.

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Editors, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, David Utter, James Vile Blake, William C. Gannett, John C. Learned, Henry M. Simmons, Frederick L. Homer; Special Editorial Contributors, John E. Riffinger, Charles Douglas, Judson Fisher, Edwin E. Champion, Horace L. Traubel, H. Tambs Lyche, Oetta P. Woolley, Emma Endicott Mearns, Ellen T. Leonard, and others; Office Editor, Charles H. Kerr. The editors assume no responsibility for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications must be marked with the real name of the writer, though not necessarily for publication.

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Notes from the Field.

Chicago.—The Union Teachers' meeting was held at 175 Dearborn street Monday noon as usual. Mr. Blake was leader, and presented as one of the points of the lesson most available for Sunday-school use the part of Ezekiel IX in which a servant of the Lord is sent through the city to set his mark upon the righteous so that they may be known by the destroyer who is to follow, and passed by without hurt. This mark on the forehead he would compare to that spiritual beauty that is the mark and sign of a pure and beautiful soul. He referred to a book written by a French author, De Chêne, in which are detailed a series of experiments upon the faces of certain subjects by means of electricity applied to the muscles of expression. This author, who is quoted as an authority by Darwin, held that there could be no such thing as a beautiful soul in a hideous body, nor an evil soul in a really beautiful body. Mrs. Utter quoted George Eliot as saying that sometimes a beautiful body is inherited from parents or ancestors who were beautiful in spirit too, but without the lovely soul that belonged to it. This Mr. Blake did not believe, and a lively discussion arose upon the question. Mr. Utter spoke of the vision of the eighth chapter as being in reality contemporaneous history—Ezekiel professed to see in a vision these idolatrous practices that he had actually seen while a resident of Jerusalem, and he preached that on account of these wicked practices the woes that he and his fellow captives were suffering had been inflicted upon them. The mourning customs of the east were also spoken of in relation to the women weeping for Thammuz. This semi-religious ceremony seems connected with the Adonis legend, the mourning for Balder, and the wailing in Egypt for the death of Osiris.

Keokuk, Iowa.—The best news from Keokuk is that the Unitarian Church here is at last free from debt. Thanks, the people have occasion to say, to the persistent labors of Rev. O. Clute and the generous aid of the American Unitarian Association. Again and again Mr. Clute has been here, going among rich and poor, churchmen and non-churchmen, and gathering up all sorts of contributions, large and small, and now the load is lifted.

—Another piece of good news is that Prof. W. D. Gunning is preaching here a Sunday or two—preaching, we say—and not preaching negations either. We heard him last Sunday

morning, February 13, and the two great words he emphasized were, God stet soul—soul, too, that can live when death has done its utmost. The line of his thought was historic and scientific—out of the ordinary beaten track, and full of interest and instruction for thoughtful minds. Without manuscript he speaks quietly, deliberately, and yet at all times effectively, and convinces every one that he is drawing upon large and well stored resources. His spirit is reverent, and the outpouring of upward-reaching desires and aspirations was brief, simple, comprehensive and beautiful, and yet it was not prayer, that is, begging and beseeching. It was something better, far better. Prof. Gunning came here from Quincy, Ill., and will return there after February 20.

—What an advance upon the past that the doors and pulpits of churches can be opened to such men as Gunning, who not only think as near to truth as possible, but think aloud; who have no concealment; who dare to trust their own souls, and have no misgivings about the divinity or safety and utility of all truth. Shall such men be cried down, be read out, be made to carry the mark of Cain? Shame on us. We hope that Prof. Gunning will be sent for to preach for other liberal societies in the west. Direct Quincy, Ill.

R. HASSALL.

Boston Notes.—Rev. James Freeman Clarke has been obliged by ill health to ask his society to relieve him for the present from active ministerial duties.

—Rev. Mr. Moxen's Baptist Society last Sunday evening gave the sacred cantata "Gallia" in their church.

—Replies favorable to the formation of a Central Bureau of Unity Clubs are already coming in to the ministerial committee, who were charged with suggesting the plan to all the clubs and kindred societies.

—Initiatory steps were taken last week to organize the contemplated Unitarian Young Men's Club. It is planned to be inexpensive, and to include the younger business and professional men in our churches. Its motto will be, "Ready for the near future."

—Rev. Mr. Wendte's success in reviving churches in California has aroused the opposition of other sects. One clergyman lately devoted two Sundays in denouncing Mr. Wendte's "belief and preaching as immoral and blasphemous." Quoting detached sentences from several Unitarian preachers, he warned our denomination generally, "before it is too late, to give up their terrible unbelief, or death would find them leaping into outer darkness."

—From late statistics it is estimated that 30,000 families pay the current expenses of the Unitarian churches in the United States, and contribute \$900,000 for that purpose.

—In meeting their engagements at Harvard University during the time of the late horse-car strikes, Rev. E. E. Hale and other Boston ministers enjoyed more pedestrian exercise than was agreeable in the spring mud.

—Boston Common shows its light green verdure again, and the sunny slope of Beacon street presents above ground an inch of spring bulbs—snowdrops, crocuses and hyacinths.

—It is getting into vogue to insure a large gathering at an annual parish business meeting by having a closing sociable and a pleasant collation.

—A series of four doctrinal sermons in each of four of our city Unitarian churches will be given in March.

Michigan.—The Western Secretary spent some days last week in visiting several localities in this state. He reports as follows:

BATTLE CREEK.

The fine independent congregation—brought to its present degree of strength by Reed Stuart, now minister of the Unitarian church at Detroit—is prospering under the care of Theodore Haven, son of the late Bishop

Haven of the Methodist connection. The treasurer of this church, G. W. Buckley, a gentleman of fine character and ability, is about entering the Unitarian ministry, and has been invited to preach for one month at Hastings, Nebraska.

JACKSON.

A delay of a couple of hours here enabled the secretary to call on one of the pillars of the Unitarian Church, and to see the pastor, Charles F. Elliott, and his family in their home—staunch friends all of the Western Conference. It was good to learn that an attempt is being made to revive active missionary work in the state. Rev. Charles Ellis, of Mt. Pleasant, has been requested to enter the field as state missionary.

GRAND HAVEN

has got its Unitarian minister elected county treasurer, and is now looking forward to the resumption of regular services in the spring, when it is hoped a suitable man may be found for the place. The church is new and attractive, seated with opera chairs, and cosily furnished from kitchen to pulpit. A fine opportunity here for good work under the Unitarian name.

MUSKEGON,

with its population of twenty-five thousand, and its lumber business, said to be the largest in the world, holds a little knot of Unitarians who are in the habit of meeting for occasional lay services, and hope for larger things by and by. A gentleman who might be called an outsider was asked, "Don't you think that if a Unitarian minister should come here and drive in his stakes and offer to preach to the people, they would come out and hear him?" He responded, "Yes, if he was an awful good one!" Where is he? We need men with hearts on fire with love to bear our glorious gospel to the unchurched multitudes.

—The secretary is under obligations to Michigan friends for their most gracious hospitality.

Quincy, Ill.—Mr. Jones in a lecture visit to this place last week gave his lecture on "Browning," in the parlor of Mr. Powers, Thursday morning at 10 o'clock, to about fifty ladies and gentlemen. In the evening he read his paper on "Romola" before the *Atlantis* and invited guests, on the occasion of the annual reception of this club, which has been studying the book for several months. He found the Unitarian parish united, earnest and expectant, listening for the present, with much interest to the preaching of the Rev. Mr. Bradley from Sandwich, Mass. He is recently from the congregational ranks, and is aglow with religious courage and expectancy. His heart is warm with the humanitarian faith that climbs to God upon the ladder of duty: that seeks to find eternal love through universal sympathies.

Philadelphia.—Phillips Brooks, noble-spirited in discourse and deed, is passing a season's visit here, and the eagerness to approach him is something phenomenal. The Episcopal Church, so much dipt in ritual and wealth and fashion, is, I am afraid, more sensible of the brilliancy than of the peculiar spiritual beauty of the man's nature.

—The Free Library connected with the Spring Garden Society appears to have been eminently satisfying through the first year of its growth. Selective in material, open to whomsoever may be pleased to venture in, guarded against sectarianism, flavored with that gracious domesticity of which Unitarians are more and more seeing the necessity in their churches, the generous scheme deserves to prosper in notable good results. The work done in this place, with that earnestly engaged in by the ladies of the First Church, puts beyond question the ideal by which humanitarian and religious effort, here—

tofore too often irreligiously separated, have been proved to be synonymous.

—Mr. Sheldon's discourse before the Ethical Culture Society was upon Shelley.

—Clifford assisted May last Sunday morning by filling in with the discourse. Mr. May has been severely ill with bronchitis, or something allied to that. Sunday afternoon he was on hand to say something sympathetically in accord with certain memorial services for a dead soldier. The day I write his place is occupied by Calthrop, of Syracuse, who comes down here to keep faith upon the series of visitor-discourses prepared for the First Church during the winter. H. L. T.

Announcements.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Sunday, February 27, Mr. Jones will preach at 11 A. M., subject, "Religious Lessons from Robert Browning's Last Book." Sunday-school at 9:30 A. M. No evening service at the church. The Victor Hugo Section of the Unity Club meets Monday evening promptly at 8. Teachers' meeting Friday evening at 7:30.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner of Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. Pastor, Rev. David Utter. Services at 10:45 A. M. Sunday-school at 12:15. The study section of the Fraternity meets Friday evening, February 25. Subject, "American Wit and Pathos."

UNITY CHURCH, corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Minister, Rev. T. G. Milsted. Services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. V. Blake, minister. Morning sermon at 10:45, the last of three sermons on Religion as related to the elements of Time: subject, The Present. Evening lecture at 7:30. The sufficiency of Natural Religion. Meeting of Literary Club, Tuesday, March 1, at 8 P. M. Meeting of Charity Section, Wednesday, March 2, 4 P. M. Parish Alphabet Tea Party, Friday, March 4, 6:30 P. M.

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, State and Randolph streets. Next Sunday evening, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones will deliver the first of the following series of three sermons on

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

February 27, "What is Spirituality?" March 6, "The Spiritual Poverty of the Prosperous Classes." March 20, "The Uplands of the Spirit."

Doors open at 7:15; services begin promptly at 7:45 P. M. All are cordially invited.

UNION TEACHERS' meeting at the Channing Club Room, 175 Dearborn street, room 93, Monday noon, February 28. Rev Mr. Jones will lead.

How to Make Money.

No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive, free, information about work you can do and live at home, at a profit of from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not needed; Hallett & Co. will start you. Either sex, all ages. Those who commence at once will make sure of snug little fortunes. Write and see for yourselves.

The Provident Savings Life Assurance Society, of New York, Sheppard Homans, President and Actuary, is meeting with phenomenal success in its plan of pure life insurance, as distinguished from the level premium plan, which last is a compulsory combination of insurance and investment. Among all life insurance companies the Provident Savings ranks first in smallest ratio of expenses and death claims to amounts insured; smallest rate of premiums (only about one-third the level premium rates), and the largest ratio of assets and surplus to liabilities. It is claimed that life insurance in the Provident Savings is the cheapest, the safest, and the fairest attainable. The average

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